Rest in Cheesecake

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/64595647.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Graphic Depictions Of Violence, No Archive Warnings Apply, Major Character Death
Category:	Multi
Fandom:	Billie Bust Up (Video Game)
Additional Tags:	this is my first Billie Bust Up and cat whodunit. this is for Billie Bust Up fans who also have a soft spot for cats, im pretty sure there are a bunch of people who die here, bear with me, this is my first time using additional tags, this may be disturbing. read at your own risk., Don't Like Don't Read
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-04-10 Updated: 2025-11-18 Words: 11,406 Chapters: 10/?

Rest in Cheesecake

by Murphy (PuddieBlackCat), Thanatophobia (PuddieBlackCat)

Summary

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION. ANY SEMBLANCE TO ANY PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL.

Chapter 1: A Letter From Murphy

Dear Reader,

Depending on where you are, I'm actually Sonicphobia's/PuddieBlackcat's cat. I decided to hijack their Archive Of Our Own account to start writing fanfiction of my own. I've seen that black owl that Sonicphobia… kins? Relates to a crazy level? Obsessed with? Eh, don't care. But we are going to be real here. This is quite literally my first attempt at fanfiction. I have sat on Sonicphobia's keyboard before when they were trying to play the Billie Bust Up demo. They do sometimes refer to me as "Cat Bastard" and "Cat Bastard Thump" sometimes. Well-deserved in my honest opinion because let's be honest. Cosplays and keyboards are comfy to lay on.

Very funny how I think I can write a compelling cat whodunit with a dead owl. Sonicphobia is the one who is doing the pronoun polishing and whatnot. They know things. I don't. I'm simply a cat. Doing cat things. Details about who and what do not matter to me. Sonicphobia has been wanting to make a whodunit for a long time now. They're just trying to figure out how. This is a test on them writing a whodunit. Names have been used ficticiously due to Sonicphobia not wanting to attach names of real people in fear of them potentially taking offense.

Now if you can excuse me, I got sofas to shred, catnip to roll in and trouble to cause Sonicphobia. Oh, and to annoy my older brothers Rusty and Wally. Wally is Sonicphobia's dog. He is not part of this story. Sorry about your lucks, chuck.

Murphy

PS: If I knew how to format images, I'd post my own pawprint here as my signature.

Chapter 2

Cast of Characters:

Humans:

Al “Sonic” Brown: an amateur gender fluid writer and self proclaimed jack of all trades who does not have an interest in sex (will use they/them). Asexual and panromantic.

Bianca Niskalki: Al’s best friend in real life since the crib days.

Elijah Nelson: a bisexual Brony who causes problems in the Billie Bust Up fandom. A known stalker.

Ashleigh Ketchum: An aroace developer.

Katie N. Bloom: a nonbinary developer.

Gabriel V. Black: an asexual musician who is married.

Melina Williams: Sonic’s best friend from Finland.

Jonathan Trelawney: A GalaxyCon security guard.

Eevee Argentum: Al’s niece who is Cosmipolitan.

Animals:

Rusty: an orange cat who has been with Al Brown since their middle school days. They don’t understand sexuality, romantic interests or gender but love their owner.

Mx. Murphy: a barn cat who is too nosy for their own good.

Barnaby: a ghost of a once living owl. Gender fluid, homoromantic, asexual and autistic (use he/him for this series though). Haunts in Rose City’s graveyard near the hospital.

Billie: An aroace goat who has a knack for getting themself into trouble

Scrimshaw: A violet cat who is also Sonic’s skipper.

Elaine Corso: The commodore of Loon Island Yacht Club and pirate queen.

Aristotle: A teacher at Rose City High School. Autistic, nonbinary and gay.

Belle: Billie’s adopted mother. Lesbian.

Fantoccio: The theater director of the community college.

Chapter 3: Chapter 1

It's been three months since the Billie Bust Up fandom was shaken up by the mysterious and unexpected arrival of their favorite characters in their universe. The quiet town of Rose City, Connecticut has been shaken up by the unexpected and terrifying arrival of a certain ghost owl. The manor stood next to the local hospital, right in the center of the graveyard. It is springtime. The grass is growing, the roses are in bloom and everyone is unsure of what to do with the ghostly newcomer. Or any of the magic using newcomers to be precise.

If one heads to the high school, they would stumble upon a small part of Rose City that is the historic district. Al "Sonic" Brown lives in that vicinity. Right now, they are busy cleaning up their back lawn for the summer festivities. Two cats bask in the sunshine. One was orange, and the other was what appeared to be a Siamese tuxedo mix, but is actually just a fat barn cat.

" *Wow, Mom is really working hard ever since that funny black owl has been in town. I've never seen them work this hard.* " Rusty commented. To Al, Rusty sounded like he was simply meowing.

"You silly kitty. You really do have orange cat behavior! You just ate food!" Al scolded the cat playfully, pausing their digging to rub the orange cat between the ears.

" *Jeez, Pom. You need a translator.* " Murphy grumbled, swiping a paw over their ear.

Sonic got their nickname due to the fact that their Internet name, sonicfangenderfluid1991, is often shortened to Sonic. It does not help that they have a tendency to run everywhere. In real life, they prefer to be called Al because they feel like their full name is too frilly and girly. Ever since their father died at 17 they have spent a lot of time questioning themself. They did spend a year in college and came to the conclusion that college simply wasn't meant for them. They are currently getting ready for spring… and GalaxyCon. Once they were done outside, they headed inside to make improvements on their Barnaby cosplay.

The cosplay was a simple headband, a pink waistcoat made from fabric they found, and a black sweater with wings sewn on. They prop the cosplay into a T pose and tsk. "I'm going to need Barnaby's input." They grumble, running their hand through a messy mop of curls.

****

Meanwhile, trouble was brewing at GalaxyCon. Gabriel Black was preparing his booth, setting up their guitar and tuning it. They ruffle their own messy curls and glanced at his wife, Shyla. "She seems ready-" Gabriel started commenting before a familiar pudgy face showed up.

Gabriel was about to get up when Jonathan Trelawney, the GalaxyCon security guard, paused Gabe from doing something foolish. His black hair was swept back as he muttered, "Easy, there. We got you." As both the security guard and Gabriel both approached the overweight con goer, they both saw exactly who it was. Gabriel's jaw was set in a hard line. "Mr. Black,

we will take it from here.” Jonathan reassured the musician. He sat back and watched the security guard handle the pudgy figure roughly. He knew exactly who it was: Elijah Nelson, his stalker. Elijah has been a thorn in Gabriel’s side for ten whole years.

As Jonathan led away the pudgy man, Gabriel saw his shirt and bristled. It felt like a harsh slap across the face from his time on My Little Pony. It was of a character that his best friend had played. And it caused him great discomfort seeing a reminder of such a wicked person boldly strutting in here.

Jonathan, meanwhile, hauled the weird pudgy man. “Elijah, hasn't nobody told you to leave a married man’s wife alone?” Jonathan scolded.

“She knew him from-”

“I know. It is also strange but legal. But his wife made it plain that she wants nothing to do with you.” Jonathan was harsh here. “Didn’t she tell you to leave her alone? She had you blocked everywhere and yet you still tried to approach her. I don’t care who she voiced or worked with. What I do care about is her safety. Shyla has made it painfully clear that she is not in any danger whatsoever. If you can’t comprehend that, then I will take it a step further and ask for the local law enforcement to escort you out.”

“You don’t-”

“No. You don’t understand jack shit. You bullied an entire fandom, the developers of Billie Bust Up, and stalked and harassed everyone who was remotely part of the fandom. I’ve seen sonicgenderfluidfan1991's posts on you.” Jonathan’s tone was harsh and cold. They unceremoniously pushed Elijah out of the con’s front door and into the street. “And do not pester Al. I’ve met them before.” Jonathan added.

Elijah got to his feet and grumbled angrily, “Al is a boot licking-”

He never got to finish that. A sharp voice snapped, “Excuse me?” Elijah turned around and was met with a Barnaby cosplayer with quite the intense glare. Their hazel eyes were brimming with fury. “If you don’t have anything nice to say, don’t say anything!” the Barnaby cosplayer scolded, brushing by Elijah. He noticed that the Barnaby cosplay looks homemade.

He leered at the Barnaby cosplayer. Little did Elijah know what his wickedness would bring in store. Elijah stormed off, brimming with fury.

****

Meanwhile, at Barnaby Manor, the ghostly owl host himself was basking in the midafternoon sun. Three quarters of his body was hugging his strange roof and he snored. His head was laying in a comfy patch of moss in the sunny part of his front lawn next to a grave. To anyone, it would have been a cartoon in real life. But the residents of Rose City knew better than to laugh loudly. They knew the owner had a reputation in the community for hosting

swinging wakes, so they smartly left him be. Unless they are really unlucky to get a formal invitation.

A small voice woke up the giant sleeping owl. Naturally he was cranky… until he saw that it was a fresh new ghost. He squinted. The newbie had on jeans and a "Violet Gryph0n" shirt. His gaze softened as he saw how scared the little ghost was. The giant owl stretched his neck to the new person. "Why, hello, little soul." Barnaby used a soft tone to address the new soul. They didn't want to scare off the poor soul, that was for certain.

"Barnaby!?" The little soul asked, his voice trembling. "What happened to me? Why am I lighter?"

Barnaby paused, having to weigh his words carefully. "Well… I do have good news for you, little one. You are now welcome to join my party… free of charge." He wagged his eyebrows to try to lighten the mood. Then he sighed, preening his feathers before ushering the soul in. "I'm sorry, little one. But you're dead."

"I can't be dead! I was getting ready to meet up with Violet Gryph0n before some idiot pushed me!" Barnaby froze, then slowly turned to the little soul.

"Excuse me? Hoo hoo?" His voice was now softer and deadlier than what he normally sounds like, his teeth bared.

"I was supposed to meet Violet Gryph0n today and I got pushed! Next thing I knew, I ended up here!"

"So your death wasn't an accident?"

"No."

"Did you see who did it?"

"I'm sorry, but no."

****

Al was just leaving the con when they saw the black and yellow tape. Their first thought was, *Oh no.* Their second thought had them bristling. They squinted their hazel eyes and immediately knew it was bad. They quickly turned away and assumed the worst, heading in a familiar direction in their Barnaby cosplay.

They walked a good kilometer, getting to the crooked manor at the Rose City Cemetery. Al squeezed through the gap in the wrought iron gate, grunting. Then they strided up. Al sighed. "This is so fucking stupid that not even Ghost Hunters would come here." They grumble before taking up the courage to knock, forgetting they are in their Barnaby cosplay.

The door creaked open slowly, reminding Al of a coffin. They enter, and call out, forgetting that they're cosplaying as the very owl who haunts the manor, "Barnaby? Can we talk for a second about thou shalt not invite-"

A loud hooting filled their ears. They quickly flap their cosplay wings and curl in a ball, quivering. Then a sound like wind rushing through the air filled their ears. Then a familiar fruity voice called out, “Oh, little one. I see you think I’m cute enough to copy my style! Hoo hoo!” the voice was fruity and chilling. Al slowly stood up and gazed up, their hazel eyes big. A giant black owl that looks identical to them was gazing at them with swirling orange eyes.

Al knew exactly who it was: it was Barnaby, the ghost owl host of the afterlife parties. Al straightened up their homemade gem of reality and gazed at Barnaby with an intense gaze. “Good! Just the owl who I was looking for! We gotta talk about-”

“Al, before you jump to conclusions, it was not me.” Barnaby cut off Al with a very quick hoot, then he ushered them in. “How about we settle down and have some tea? And we can talk about why you decided to dress like me.”

Chapter 4: Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Wait-wait, how did you know that I was going to ask this?" Al asked, absently playing with an ear feather. They start stimming quietly, bouncing their leg and tapping their fingers. They also begin to pat their face, lost in thought. They knew Barnaby generally only murders people he likes, which is backwards to Al. In Al's opinion, murder should only be reserved for self defense or to overthrow a government.

"Al, you know me too well through that goat Billie, last name, Bust Up." Barnaby replied, sipping his tea slowly. His giant orange eyes became cross eyed and he stuck his tongue out, causing Al to giggle. Even though Al knew the giant owl was gender fluid, the one thing that he was most certainly not a liar. The giant owl sighed and twirled a curl that was on Al's head around his talon. "Also, the victim's ghost came to me and told me they were pushed." Al glanced up. "Who is it?"

"Al, my little bird, I don't wish to tell you but it is a fan of Violet Gryph0n."

"Violet Gryph0n?"

"Yes. Hoo hoo hoo hoo!"

Al slumps forward. Barnaby pats their back with a large, black wing. "No… Courtney!" Al sobbed, their shoulders slouched. Barnaby's neck stretched to impossible lengths and he rests his head on their lap and begins hooting, a comforting stim to him. Al sniffled, then wiped their eyes the best they can.

"So sorry, Barnaby. God, I hate crying so much. It makes me look weak." Al grumbled.

"You're not weak, Al. You are human… a mortal with a heart too big for their pesky mortal body that you insist on clinging to like a leech. There's a big difference between weak and empathetic. I strongly advise you to converse with friends, family and even those friends of yours from around the world. Including the kid who you 'adopted' as a niece called Eevee. Let xem know what is going on. Hoo hoo." Barnaby advised, briefly lifting his head to preen Al's hair. It's a platonic gesture between the two of them, since they had an uneasy history together.

Al smiled weakly through their tears, then hugged Barnaby tightly. The giant black owl hooted in shock and flapped his wings for a few seconds. Al proclaimed through tears into his waistcoat, "God, you are too darling for this world!"

Barnaby hooted and lifted Al's chin so that their hazel eyes could meet his sunset gold eyes. They swirled crazily as he reminded them teasingly, "Al, I think you forgot that I kill people for my swinging wakes."

Al had the perfect comeback for this. “Barnaby, I think you forgot who my comfort character in Billie Bust Up is… who is also who I turn to when I need to sort my mental shit out. And you also forgot what my favorite song is in ‘Billie Bust Up’.” Al reminded him, scratching between his ear feathers. Barnaby fluffed himself up and preened his feathers. “Ironic how a murderous owl can also be a comfort character.” Their favorite song is “A Million Gruesome Ways to Die” because it dragged them out of a depressive slump when they were 23.

“Now, my little mini me, why are you dressed like me? Hm?” Barnaby pressed, doing his iconic *Hm* face.

“Well, I was off to meet Violet Gryph0n. Met him. He is pretty chill, not gonna lie. I somehow managed to hold a conversation without fainting!”

“Oh, you mean the midnight colored griffin who the author changed the name of to protect privacy of for his safety? Hoo hoo!”

“Barnaby, you're like a sibling from another mother to me but goddamn that makes no sense.” Al pointed out, confused.

“Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo! That's because I'm breaking the fourth wall!” Barnaby winked after stating this and spun his face around like a cartoon. This sort of behavior causes Al to giggle uncontrollably.

“Whatever. Your talking privileges are revoked!” Al teased.

“Hush, you silly little mortal. Now don’t go looking for trouble!” Barnaby teased, ruffling their hair with his talons. As the little mortal start walking off, Barnaby grumbled, “There goes my favorite party crasher.”

~~~~~~

Meanwhile, at home, Rusty was pacing the kitchen. “ *Where is Pom?* ” Rusty grumbled, his orange tail swishing as he paced the entire house.

“ *Probably talking to that owl again.* ” Mx. Murphy replied, wiggling up to knock a plant over. Mx. Murphy adored their owner but would rather get high off of catnip than to help the somewhat cranky but lovable human out. They pushed a coffee mug away from the edge. “ *Bold of them to leave us both unattended. I should probably figure out how to break out of this place and see Barnaby* .” Mx. Murphy was trying to stay calm but their worry is palpable. They swipe a tongue over their paw and rubbed their ear with it.

“ *I'm not sure if Barnaby even likes cats. Probably not. But what is taking Pom-?* ” The wind chimes on the door clattered as their goofy owner entered. The two cats both pawed on the kitchen door. They both left claw marks.

“Kids, I'm home!” Al’s voice called out, their tone sounding off despite the cheery mask.

“ *Pom! What's wrong!?* ” Mx. Murphy and Rusty asked in unison. To Al, they sound like they're asking for treats. Both cats climbed Al’s costume tail feathers, causing the gender
~~~~~~

fluid cosplayer to end up sitting on their butt hard.

“Ow. Just. Ow.” Al grumbled, wiping the tear streaks stubbornly. “A fellow Violet Gryph0n fan just died.”

Both cats gawked. "*Murdered!? What the-*" Mx Murphy began, but Rusty interrupted with a bap on the barn cat's nose.

"*Looks like we are going to have to sneak to Barnaby's manor and do some independent digging of our own.*" Rusty interjected, his orange tail puffed up.

"Rusty! You mini asshole! Don't do that!" Al scolded, their hazel eyes shining faintly in amusement through the sadness.

"*Sorry, Pommy. I think we should figure out how we are going to get out of this house while Pommy is distracted.*" Rusty turned his attention to his goofy cat sibling.

"*Rusty, you're a house cat. I'm a cat bastard. Leave it to me to figure it out independently.*" Mx. Murphy replied.

~~~~~~

That evening, Al spoke to their niece Eevee over the Internet. They told Eevee exactly what happened and clarified that Barnaby didn’t kill the Violet Gryph0n fan. They didn’t know that there was more trouble brewing…

~~~~~~

Over at Loon Island Yacht Club, Elaine was busy preparing for the next sailing season. She stared over the list and squint. Then she mumbled to herself, “That Barnaby fan who seems like the ghost owl’s child is sailing with Scrimshaw?” To say that that the serval and the violet cat dislike each other is an understatement. She shook her head, her skull print on her forehead furrowed. “I don’t know why they sail together.” She sighed and gazed at Al’s mother, who just rolled in with Al themself.

All it took for Elaine to get directly into worry mode was to look at the gender fluid human’s face. Their eyes were red and puffy from crying so much. Their brown hair was practically knotted. Their clothes look like the same ones worn three days ago. The spark of sass in Al’s eyes were completely gone, replaced by an exhausted look. Elaine heard the sound of another Jeep rolling in.

The Pirate Queen turned her gaze to the approaching vehicle and watch a violet cat step out of his car. Elaine wrinkled her nose. “Ah, my favorite skipper!” The purple cat exclaimed with a thick Scottish accent. Then the cat turned his blue eyes towards Elaine. “Elaine.” The purple cat addressed her coldly.

“Scrimshaw.” Elaine returned the cold greeting. Both serval and cat’s tail were twitching irritably. They start circling each other. They would have attacked-

“Pspspsps!” That sound came from Al. “Ladies, ladies, you’re both pretty. Now would you kindly cool your beans?” Al chimed in half jokingly. Elaine smirked at Al. Even though Al does consider themself gender fluid, Elaine has to admit that Al is honestly quite pretty by human standards… when they are doing well mentally. Both Elaine and Scrimshaw can tell how Al is doing mentally by their hygiene. Scrimshaw passed Al some men’s deodorant. Al quickly swiped it over themself before handing it back.

As Al and Scrimshaw set up the boat, the violet cat finally decided to poke. “Al, are you doing okay, bonnie human?” Scrimshaw asked.

Al shook their head and looked at the purple feline. “No. A friend of mine is dead. Barnaby confirmed it.” Almost immediately after the comment, it felt like the wind got colder.

Scrimshaw reminded Al, “Be careful about casually throwing around the ghost host’s name. He might decide to go berserk.”

They finish knotting up the jib sheets and setting up the main sail in silence. As Al got ready to hoist the sails, a long, owl shaped shadow fell over them. Al looked up to see Barnaby staring at them. “Hoo hoo hoo! Break a leg. Hope you drown.” Barnaby hooted, patting them. From anyone else, Al would have been absolutely horrified. But since it came from the ghost owl himself, Al let the comment slide since they knew that he is autistic, just like them.

As they push off the dock, Al slipped their pants off, revealing the blue bathing suit underneath. Scrimshaw chuckled and shook his head. “You’re quite a character.” He teased.

Al shot back playfully, “Wet jeans are no fun!” They learned this the last time they sailed together…. The hard way. The first time they sailed together, Al’s jeans got so soaked that it looked like a particular accident happened there. Elaine did pick on them, but Al took it in stride since they don’t really recognize teasing from bullying.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the wait. I've been polishing this chapter so that it is coherent. And yes, you get a little bit of Elaine and Scrimshaw fan service here. And the cats are plotting something!

Chapter 5: Chapter 3

As Barnaby was walking through Norwich that evening, he noticed two cats in Al's house. There was a fat Siamese-tuxedo mix regarding him with blue eyes, and an orange cat with orange eyes and a white underbelly. He rolled his orange eyes and tried to scare the cats by baring his teeth. To Barnaby's shock, the Siamese cat puffed itself up and hissed instead of running. The orange cat hid. "Brave little cat." Barnaby mused as he shapeshifted into fine mist and entered the house. Then he got the brilliant idea to shapeshift into a cat and approached the Siamese cat.

"Hello, mortal cat." He greeted the cat as he approached, looking at his orange toe beans as he sauntered over.

"What the fuck? Why is there a talking cat?" The cat (who we know as Mx. Murphy) replied in his native language of meowing.

Barnaby realized his mistake and adjusted his pink bowtie with a paw. "Sorry." He muttered, then he sniffed the cat. He tilted his head in surprise. There was no denying the scent all over this cat. "You must be that mortal Al Brown's cat?" He inquired, sniffing.

"Barnaby!? How are you a cat!? How are you speaking our language!? Pom only knows swear words in cat… but that's because my hare brained brother Rusty taught them!" Murphy exclaimed.

"Perk of being a polyglot." Barnaby replied, swiping an orange tongue over his black fur as if this was normal. "I can shapeshift into an owl, but I do not think that Al wants their babies dead from a heart attack." Barnaby knew from experience that Al really doesn't like dead things as he silently recalled the time he tried to give Rusty a dead mouse that he caught himself.

"If you are here to kill Pom or invite them to a party, we recommend that you stop." Rusty warned, puffing themself up.

"Oh, no no no. Nothing of the sort!" Barnaby responded as he waved a cat paw at Rusty. Both Rusty and Mx. Murphy knew that when Barnaby decides to hang around, trouble is sure to come.

"I'm actually here to be with you. I bet it gets awfully lonesome when your silly little owner Al isn't around. Don't worry, I won't harm either of you. I'd never do that to the little soul who is holding my kid." Barnaby purred, letting his tail drag across Mx. Murphy's throat.

~~~~~~

Meanwhile, Elijah was planning something terrible. As he sent out a pretty harassing tweet, he smirked. At least I'm gonna get rid of two dirtbags with one stone. He thought to himself, unaware of what his actions would have awaiting them. He had no idea how badly his actions would backfire.

~~~~~~

When Al got home, they entered their house to perform their nightly routine of feeding the cats and walking the dogs. As they open the door, three cats got up and started rubbing on them. “Hi, babies!” Al cooed, their monotone voice now just an excited squeak. Then they started feeding the cats… only to find out that they were already fed. “That’s… that’s weird.” Al muttered. Then they paused and counted their cats.

“Wait… I don’t have three cats.” Al paused. Then they squint at the newcomer. The new cat’s orange eyes looked slightly owlish. Their fur was a brilliant black. Around their neck is a pink bowtie. “Did I get a flow cat?” They are a bit of an animation softie. As the black cat swipe an orange tongue across their paw and start cleaning, Al’s hazel eyes narrowed. “Barnaby. For your sake, you better not have done anything to my cats. I don’t want to take them to the vet because you tried to poison them.” They warned, their voice cold.

The black cat looked up mid lick. Then shadows swirled around the cat as it grew… Al yelled and stepped back in complete shock. Soon the cat was eight feet tall… and no longer a cat, but rather a shadowy-looking owl. “Al, hoo hoo. I know exactly how you feel about dead things. I wouldn’t break your little heart like that. I know of your history with depression. You and I made a deal that in return of you attending my parties I do not harm your cats.” The tall owl replied, briefly preening himself.

“And you have been honoring your end. As am I.” Al replied. Then they pause to add, “By the way, you look cute as a little flow cat. I was half tempted to lift you.”

“That is not important.” Barnaby replied indignantly, puffing himself up at the human. “Besides, haven’t you heard? Another person was killed.”

“Who?”

“Rachel.”

“Oh.” To say that Al does not like Rachel is an understatement. The last time they heard from Rachel, they released a terribly panned out video on Violet Gryph0n’s best friend, Tigerflame. To them, it came off as a joke and parasocial behavior on top of everything else. This caused a ton of backlash and even Tigerflame stepped out of their cartoony persona to state that what Rachel said happened clearly didn’t. When Al saw the response video, to say they were intimidated by Tigerflame was an understatement. They shudder at the thought of what a furious Violet Gryph0n looks like. They knew they were once in the Marines, and from their understanding a pissed off Marine is terrifying. If how they see their brother Dan react…

“What? Are you not gonna react?” Barnaby pressed, puffing up his black feathers.

“No. How did they die?”

“They were… uh… it's too embarrassing.”

“Let me guess, it was symbolic?”

“Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo! Yes! She was a bit of an airhead with an inflated ego.”

Al raised an eyebrow.

“Wasn't me! Hey, I don't even want that wretch in my party! They're a buzz kill and a homewrecker! Hoo hoo!”

“Barnaby B. Wiffleflapper. Are you trying to tell me that Rachel died au Violet Beauregard?”

This caused the ghost owl to shift uncomfortably. He grumbled, preening his feathers, “You nerd.”

“Takes one to know one. Now who found that wretch?”

“A GalaxyCon security guard. Hoo hoo! The look on his face was priceless!” Barnaby preened his feathers again with a grin.

“Barnaby.”

“Hoo! What?”

“You are an a-”

“Language.”
~~~~~~

Meanwhile, at GalaxyCon, there was once again red and blue flashing lights at the scene. This time, the con panel was boarded off with yellow tape. Everyone was looking at the ceiling in shock and horror.
There was a body of a redheaded woman floating on the ceiling. It was bloated and much too buoyant for its size. The woman had a blue streak in her hair and her clothes were basically shredded to bits.
On the ground, there are two police officials on the ground. The first one took off his hat and mumbled, “Jesus Christ, Barnaby. I know you’re a party animal but not in public. There are-”

“Sir, I do not think Barnaby did it.” A new voice interrupted. It sounded like a burnt out Angel Dust. The cop turned around only to find a puppet in a green poncho and hat. The puppet took off his hat to reveal a puff of wooden hair. “I’m Barnaby’s boyfriend, Fantoccio the Great, also known as the theater and drama teacher at Rose City. Not fond of kids but it's better than being alone... But I digress. That is definitely not Barnaby’s work.”

“How would you know, Mr. Great?”

“First of all, a lack of feathers. Usually Barnaby’s victims would try to pull out a feather to leave genetic material. There is none. Second of all, a lack of an invitation. Barnaby usually has an invitation tucked in the victim’s shirt or coat.”
The cop paused and begin slowly scouring the crime scene for black, cartoony feathers or fancy invitations. They turned up empty handed a half hour later. As the body was deflated and brought down to the ground, the coroner took a quick examination of the body and the gas that they captured in a tank and surmised it was definitely a murder.
~~~~~~

Violet Gryph0n has seen the encounter. His usually bright face was now a furrowed gaze of concentration.

His wife Shayla approached and asked, “Hon, did you see that?”

“Yes, Shayla. That was one of the Bronies who Tigerflame used to collaborate with.”

“First Sophie, now Rachel? Something is not adding up.” Shayla commented, twisting her curls. “Both of these women hate me just because I defended you. But you didn’t do it.”

“Indeed. I used to be a Marine.”

“Not to mention that multiple people have an alibi for you.”

Violet Gryph0n sighed. "Well, that is a poetic end. I don't like her, but her death was definitely fitting. Not condoning it!" He added hastily, crinkling his nose at the sight. To Shayla, he looked a little green.

"That's messed up, Hon! But accurate"

"I know. Looking at the corpse makes me sick."

"Yeah, baby. Some people have really fricked up tastes."

"I don't have any."

"That's because I hounded you."

Both the asexual musician and his wife do not realize that there was an overweight man slinking around in a Fluttershy T-shirt and jeans. The man slinked away out of sight, looking pissed. He hid some sort of canister in his backpack.

Chapter 6: Chapter 4

Chapter by Murphy (PuddieBlackCat)

It was quiet in the morgue at the Rose City Police Station. The coroner walked away from the cadaver for the night, getting ready to drive home for the night. Little did he know that two intruders would enter and examine the cadaver. He definitely should have guessed what kind of gas killed Rachel.

~~~~~~

“ *Mx. Murphy! Hoo hoo! Wakey wakey! You’re an expert on humans, right?”* The siamese cat bastard woke up, their ice blue eyes narrowed to slits. The fruity voice was unmistakable.

Mx. Murphy stretched themself before grumbling, “ *Barnaby, you are so dead when I-* ”

“ *Silly cat! I’m already dead!* ” the voice replied, and Murphy then noticed the gentleman picking him up. He was vaguely shaped like Al’s papa, with orange eyes and a lean body that looks like it stepped straight out of a Don Bluth cartoon. The man paused and took a breath from Al’s room. Their scent was a mix of deodorant and lavender. The man’s shadow fell over the sleeping gender fluid, but the shadow looked more like an owl than a man. The man slinked off with the Siamese cat.

~~~~~~

Meanwhile, in a game studio, two developers were talking about the recent string of murders that seem to happen around one of their voice actors. Ashleigh “Ash” Ketchum, one of the programmers behind a video game that just so happened to have Gabriel V Black voice act in, turned to their partner, Katie Bloom. “Someone died at a con Gabe was at.” She stated in a dry tone of voice.

“Are you flipping kidding me?” Katie groaned, their hand smacking the desk.

“Wish I was, but you’re not going to believe where they found the victim!” Ash exclaimed.

“Let me guess, a trash bin? Laundry?”

“No. In the flipping air.”

“How does a cadaver float!?”

“I dunno! That is a Violet Gryph0n question, not an Ash question!” Ash exclaimed, exhaling in frustration.

~~~~~~

As the cat and owl were heading in, Barnaby started examining the cadaver with a morbid fascination. His head twisted to an unnatural angle and spun his face around so that the
~~~~~~

bottom of his beak is near his ear feathers. " *Must you do that?* " Mx. Murphy grumbled.

"Of course, silly cat." Barnaby replied. Then he sniffed the cadaver. No odor, but Barnaby felt a little dizzy.

" *Now what?* " Mx Murphy asked, irritated.

The giant black owl started giggling softly, his voice getting higher and fruitier than usual. Then Barnaby took a quick breath from the cadaver and begins giggling wildly. "Mx. Murphy, you have to try this! Hoo hoo hoo!" Barnaby's voice started sounding… Mx. Murphy struggled to find a word to describe Barnaby's voice. *His voice sounds gayer… almost like… wait, what is that weird fast music that Pom likes? Ah! Nightcore! He sounds nightcore!* Mx. Murphy realized. Then he started pushing Barnaby towards the door.

" *Barnaby, something is wrong! We have to see Pommy!* " Mx. Murphy pawed and started steering Barnaby outside. He was giggling wildly, then he began singing. Mx. Murphy's fur bristled in terror at the very high pitched and very giggling rendition of "A Million Gruesome Ways to Die." *Where's Violet Gryph0n when you need him?* Mx. Murphy wondered, scared. It was unnerving to say the least. The sound of Barnaby singing while high on helium was definitely going to haunt Mx. Murphy for the rest of their days.

The next thing that happened, Mx. Murphy couldn't stop. They're fine, dear reader, but the sound of tires squealing made them stop. Then a sickening thud and the sound of a car kissing a lamp was enough to worry Mx. Murphy. " *Barnaby!* " Mx. Murphy yowled, forgetting that Barnaby is a ghost owl.

His fat little body ran towards the car crash and found Barnaby flattened on the ground in a painfully comical way. Mx. Murphy pawed at Barnaby hard. " *Please, Barnaby… wake up.* " It took a few minutes of pawing and pleading before Barnaby took a sharp inhale and is back to normal. Mx. Murphy winced at the tire tracks on Barnaby's back.

That has to hurt like hell on Barnaby's end… who am I kidding? He's a ghost owl. He can't exactly feel pain. If he can, he is really good at hiding it. Mx. Murphy mused as they followed the owl back to Al's house. Little did they know that a certain asexual musician and a certain puppet both saw the pair heading home. To say that Barnaby was unsteady on his bird feet is an understatement.

~~~~~~

The next morning, Al woke up to a faceful of black feathers. They grumbled, brushing those large black feathers aside. They thought it was a feathery boa. "Pleh. This boa is in my mouth… wait. I don't own a boa." Then Al looked at the feathers in their face. They were midnight black and had a violet aura… *Violet!? Oh no, Barnaby. Not again.* Al groaned inwardly. Then they pause and check the giant owl who is laying on them. They hear unnaturally high pitched giggling. Al immediately sat up. "Something's wrong!" They exclaim, using their strength to roll the giant owl on his back. One look into his eyes told Al more than enough.
~~~~~~

Instead of just orange, they were cross eyed and multicolored in one eye with the asexual colors in the other eye. “Barnaby!?” Al’s voice was tight with worry. They poked the giant owl who was passed out. Then they noticed his feathers moving as if they had a small owl. Al gently lifted those wing feathers to see… “Mx. Murphy!? Kitty, what are you doing under Barnaby?” They carefully pried the cat bastard away from the undead bird.

Speaking of, the undead bird sat up and giggled, hugging Al and the cat. “Hello, little one!” Barnaby’s voice sounded wrong to Al. It sounded nightcore to them…

“Barnaby!” Al exclaimed, “Are you going to tell me you huffed hel-!”

“Hoo hoo! Only for information purposes, little one!” Barnaby was definitely too friendly for Al’s personal taste. They tried to shove Barnaby off with a grumble.

“Wait… information purposes? What sort of information would be useful to a ghost owl who is on a helium high!?” Al exclaimed.

“I know how that airhead who did a failed hit piece on Tigerflame died! Someone put too much helium in her lungs!” Barnaby giggled, flapping his wings in a happy stim motion. That lead to some feathers in Al’s mouth, which they spat out. Then there was a knock at the door. Al answered… only to find Violet Gryph0n and his wife at the door.

“Al, we just learned how Tigerflame’s attempted hit piece died! She inhaled too much-” Shyla began, but Al interrupted.

“Helium?”

Violet Gryph0n was stunned. “How do you know that?” He asked.

“Simple. I have a ghost owl who is high on helium tell me that.”

Both gawked… until said ghost owl bursts out laughing in the other room, his unnaturally high voice causing everyone nearby to shudder. All three humans ran towards Barnaby… only to find him on the floor with two cats on his stomach kneading biscuits. Violet Gryph0n was shocked… but Al was neutral. “Come on, boys. Off the owl.” Al called.

All three humans decided at that point that it was the best idea to stay near Barnaby and not leave that ghost owl unattended while he was high on helium.

Chapter 7: Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> Oops, two bodies in one chapter? Damn, what dumbass pissed off Murphy? - Sonicphobia

See the end of the chapter for more notes

At the school, Fantoccio was busy teaching drama. He is currently teaching people how to project their voice. “Alright! We’re going to work on being heard in the audience first before we try our first play!” Fantoccio called, rolling his r’s. He calls it his thespian vernacular… the students call it a Rhode Island accent. He absently lifted a skull, unaware that it wasn’t a prop skull.

“Uh… Professor Great?”

Fantoccio sighed angrily. “It has to wait until after class.”

The whole room was silent. All of the students were staring at Fantoccio… specifically what was in his hand.

“I’m not hearing you PROJECT your darling voices!” Fantoccio was unofficially getting ticked at this point. “Ugh, to project your voice, you gotta say it through your lungs-!” Then he paused as he felt the inside of the skull. He froze, his yellow eyes growing huge as he felt something wet, slightly slimy and-

“DROP IT!” A new voice boomed. Fantoccio dropped the skull out of shock. It bounced on the floor and rolled off. Students panic and climb on the desks. Fantoccio turned to the door to see Barnaby entering the classroom, ducking. Now students are beginning to slightly panic. Barnaby only enters schools if someone was stupid enough to use his manor as a shortcut to school.

Everyone was silent with terror as the clicking of talons fill the air. They shuddered as the sound of feathers sweeping the floor filled the room. They cowered at the sight of those sharp orange eyes glaring with an intensity at the skull. Finally the shadow of the giant ghost owl fell over Fantoccio. Everyone shivered as the fruity voice said softly, “Hon, that’s a real skull. An AGES employee went missing.”

The whole room went silent from the sound of the ghost owl talking. Then the shadow fell over the cabinet, where all of the theater supplies are kept. It was a hot summer day, so naturally the room smelled terrible. As the figure turned towards the class, everyone knew immediately that this was Barnaby, the dreaded ghost owl. He stalked towards the closet and opened it. Immediately the room smelled much worse. People gagged and ran out of the room. Fantoccio approached the closet and nearly threw up.

Inside of the closet was a sight that would cause the bravest person on the planet to run away. A decaying body wearing an “AGES” shirt was found. It was headless. Barnaby smiled at the cadaver. “Found the body. It is Amelia Jones.” The Sonic the Hedgehog fans that were out in the hall immediately buzzed to each other, unaware that once again, Barnaby did not kill the victim.

After everyone cleared and Barnaby took his statement, he started getting suspicious. He paused as he realized that the victims had one thing in common… and it definitely had something to do with Gabriel V. Black.

~~~~~~
~~~

In Arizona, said asexual musician just got a text from his friend Tigerflame. His eyes widened in surprise. He scrambled through his home, looking for Shyla. He just had an epiphany of his own. And it was disturbing.

“Shyla, baby! Where are you?” He called out, slicking back his messy hair.

Two minutes later, Shyla crawled downstairs from the attic, her hair covered in dust. “What is it?” She grumbled.

“Tigerflame is innocent of whatever the heck BronyHater accused him of.”

“Of course he is. He’s your best friend.”

“I think the accusers are starting to drop like flies. It’s almost as if-”

“Gabe, hon, you really need to focus on your next song. Screw BronyHater. We both know the allegations are bullshit.”

~~~~~~
~~~

Back in Rose City, everyone stayed inside. It was sweltering out. It was so hot that not even Barnaby wanted to sun. The heat was that intense. But that was to be expected during summer.

Fantoccio stayed inside of Barnaby’s home partially because the wood on him wouldn’t expand and cause discomfort and partially because he was living with the ghostly owl host. Barnaby was with him. Currently he was making an ice cold lemonade… Fantoccio style. How his ice lemonade for Fantoccio works is quite simple: he takes some oak shavings, sprinkle it in some lemonade and put just the smallest drop of vodka in it. Fantoccio claims that it’s nectar.

Barnaby would probably argue with that. If it wasn’t his boyfriend, he would have laced it with cyanide. Thankfully he sent it to Fantoccio, who was clinging to him like Teflon. As Barnaby made his own lemonade (dash of cyanide for extra sweetness), he was in thought.

“Earlier today, did you not notice that it reeked like a dead body in your classroom?” Barnaby asked as he stared blankly out a window.

“Barnaby, let me put this clearly. Teenagers stink. And I don’t mean that figuratively or because I had a bad experience with a teenaged goat trying to take my life source.” Fantoccio grumbled, putting his hat on Barnaby. “Stay cool, love.”

The onyx colored owl was not exactly paying attention to him. He was staring outside, watching a skinny figure stumble past his gate. “Al.” Barnaby said suddenly.

“What about that crazy gender fluid-?” Fantoccio started, but Barnaby shoved him to the side and rushed outside.

~~~~~~

Al had just connected the dots while they were relaxing in the basement. Their hazel eyes grew huge as they realized that the victims had a connection. They look up their dead friend’s Twitter account and found that they have been anti- Violet Gryph0n. Al felt tears sting their hazel eyes. *Why?* They silently ask themself. Then they took off running to see Barnaby.

The sun was scorching as they ran, drenched in sweat and panting heavily. Just as they were about to collapse… they felt a pair of cool talons wrap around them and pull them in a portal. Al yelped as the air got colder, their surroundings blurred together in a sickening kaleidoscope of color. Unbeknownst to Al or their rescuer, there was someone else out there… one that didn’t survive the heat.

~~~~~~

As a woman stumbled around angrily, she muttered feverishly, “That Violet Gryph0n bootlicker isn’t going to get away with calling my friend Destiny a homewrecker!” Her footsteps were uneven, her heels threatening to break. The woman, Jessi Medrano, was unaware that there was a timber rattlesnake in her path. She was too busy being mad at “Sonic” for exposing her friend as a liar to notice the sound of a rattle. She recalled how "Sonic" responded to her taunts online, her vision tinged with red. As she stumbled, she felt something sting her. She slapped it, screaming, “FILTHY THING!”

Jessi was carrying a knife, but that wouldn’t help her. As she stumbled off angrily, she started getting more and more delusional. She was unaware that her red blood cells were leaking… the sun boiled her mind. She finally laid down with a grumble and closed her eyes, which was a fatal mistake in itself. She was panting too hard to realize that she was dying. Her heart slowed down, the venom and the heat combined slowly killing her in a matter of hours.

~~~~~~

Al blinked blearily as they felt a cool cloth on their forehead. They gaze up to meet a pair of swirling orange eyes. “B-Barnaby! I-” Al began.
~~~~~~

“Little mortal, what you did today by running to my home despite living on the other side of town was reckless. You could have died and I would have missed my opportunity to kill you.” Barnaby’s voice sounded different. It sounded cold, flat, and frankly quite furious. Al slowly looked up.

Four pairs of eyes were glaring at her. Two were orange and owlish. Two were yellow. Both are equally mad, though. Then Barnaby cleared his throat and lifted Al. “Put me down!” They protested weakly as he sauntered to his basement. Then they gasp softly at the sight in front of them.

There was a poison green pool down there. They tried to struggle, thinking it was full of acid. Barnaby quickly shoved them in and they land with a splash. Al panicked, thrashing up for air, thinking that this is how they were going to disintegrate to nothing in the pool until they wipe their eyes and realized it was just water. “BARNABY!” Al screeched, trying to pull themself out. Then Fantoccio entered the “acid”, sliding in. “Fanto, g-get out of there! You’ll disintegrate-”

“Al, I feel perfectly fine.”

“Huh?”

“It’s just water, you ignoramus.”

“Watch your mouth, Fantoccio the Great! I will not hesitate to have you be a buoy!”

“Try it, you crazy-”

“Hoo hoo! Honey, little mortal, manners!” Barnaby interrupted, sliding in the pool. He wades over, his feather soaking in the water as he approached. Al quickly splashed their face with water and blink, looking at the water. They sigh in relief. “I decided on an impromptu pool party because it is too hot outside.”

~~~~~~
~

A few weeks later, Aristotle was outside with his class teaching about philosophy and nature. He was trying his best to make the class fun. As they hushed the class, they heard the unmistakable sound of a rattle. They quickly hop on their broom brolley and fly up. They glance down to see a timber rattlesnake curling around something white. They gulp, then call out, “Gang, we are going to have to take a different route-” they froze mid sentence as they took a closer look at the white thing. Their face blanched as they realized what it was. It stank of decaying body and maggots, which caused the axolotl’s stomach to churn. They yell, “SOMEONE CALL 911!”

Chapter End Notes
~~~~~~

Sorry for the cliffhanger. I was busy being comfy on Puddie's laptop and my fat butt accidentally typed out a whole chapter.

Chapter 8: Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

A fourth wall break!

As soon as statements were made, Aristotle realized something interesting about the murders. None of the murders have Barnaby's signature mannerisms. He realized that at every murder scene that was on the news in Rose City since March, none of the murders have any telltale signs of Barnaby murdering them. The kills are creative, but there was a distinct lack of feathers and a painfully obvious lack of an invitation to his swinging wakes… it hits Aristotle in the face like an anvil.

"The murderer is not Barnaby!" Aristotle exclaimed aloud, nearly falling off of his Broom Brolley.

~~~~~~

Meanwhile, Barnaby is alone in his manor. He walked down to his basement bird bath to take a brief bath… he paused and flicked his ear feathers. He had a feeling that he knew exactly who it was. He began pacing restlessly as he began unbuttoning his waistcoat and bowtie with his dexterous talons, which popped out of portals in the ground. He scowled, his beak shifting to the side of his face.

"Writer. We need to have a talk. Specifically about what you did recently." He said sternly, his feathers bristling. There was silence until…

… Yes? I already held myself accountable for-

"That's noble that you took accountability for your actions, cat and editor, but do you realize that you hurt yourself and that wretch yesterday? Hoo hoo?" Barnaby's voice was cold and sharp, with none of the usual whimsy or joyous tone. He was definitely upset and stimming to try to calm down.

That was foolish of me. I'm deeply ashamed of myself right now. I already addressed this on-

"Yes, but are you aware that you just put yourself in a bad light and showed internalized acephobia just because the mentally unstable individual who you fought with was acephobic to you too? By saying what you did, you seem to show-"

I'm sorry.

"Manners." Barnaby warned, but the disembodied voice continued.
~~~~~~

I operate by the saying "if you can dish it out then you can absolutely take it." Since the acephobe has shown a clear disdain for married asexuals, I didn't think it was right to let that slide and give her a taste of her own medicine. I'm ashamed of the things I've said, and I still take full accountability for my actions. I'm actively trying to correct my previous aggression because I know something about-

"The real-world counterpart for Violet Gryph0n?" Barnaby asked, his usually fruity voice deadly quiet.

Yes. I know something for a fact but since nobody is open to listening and the hate mob aimed at you really proved that they are too immature to handle my knowledge-

"You lashed out?" Barnaby asked, "Why? To me, hoo hoo, this is sounding less and less like you being very rude and more like you were burned out due to both your knowledge and recent events. I know exactly what you are talking about when it comes to the real-world counterpart of Violet Gryph0n. But this acephobia and fury towards someone is very out of character for you."

The person who is now bullying me has started shit simply because I didn't blindly believe a GoFundMe page. I've been on Tumblr before. I've seen the PSAs about how thou shalt not blindly believe GoFundMes. And also because of the real-world inspiration for Amelia being known for sex scandals with a guy and caught lying on fucking camera definitely complicates things more. But it becomes impossible to believe when the moron who platformed Amelia as a victim of a certain sexual crime reblogged it on a different platform.

"So it's because of the fact that someone was a scammer in the Sonic the Hedgehog community and you decided to say something and try to make a difference. Is that why you had your burnout?"

Yeah… Listen, after the whole incident, I basically stopped trusting GoFundMes! And that acephobic anti Billie Bust Up asshole slid in my area-

"You didn't want them thinking that they are welcome on your platform? Because you have a "don't interact" to the anti BBU crowd?"

… that's right.

Barnaby sighed in annoyance. Then he hangs up his waistcoat and slides in with a groan. "Still. Has it occurred to you to simply block them, you silly mortal?" He scolded. Then he paused. "Please don't tell the audience what I'm doing."

Okay. I won't…. Wait, you're already in there. Are there lots of bubbles?

"WRITER! Yes, there are a lot of bubbles."

You got nothing to worry about. I made sure you're decent. Besides, you're a ghost owl, doofus. Anything super personal is covered in feathers.

"Still doesn't make it less embarrassing." Barnaby puffed himself at the invisible entity.

Okay, I'll leave you alone to do your thing in peace. I'm gonna jump to a scene with the cats and Al Brown, ok?

"Wait, you can do-!?"

~~~~~~

At Al's home, they have been going through a rough patch. As they check their social media, they see that they are getting support from their online community about the acephobia and antisemitism aimed directly at them. They smile through wet tears.

" *Fuck em, Pom. The jerks don't need attention.* " Mx. Murphy advised, loafing on the gender fluid human's lap. Al flinched in surprise. " *Besides, you got a costume to work on. And a plushie to make for yourself. Don't be lazy.* " To Al it was a scolding meow.

" *Mx. Murphy… you dumbass. You know humans cannot move if you sit on them! Move, fatty!* " Rusty jeered.

" *Fatty!? At least I keep Pom warm while you loaf near a heater like a dummy!"* Murphy sneered back.

Meanwhile, Al was talking to Eevee Argentum online. They were noticing a pattern with Eevee that was getting increasingly difficult to ignore. Like how whenever there was a small shred of hope for everyone, Argentum is the first person to say that everything is hopeless. There were times where Al stayed up at night just to talk Argentum out of a slump. This conversation went like this:

Sonic: Argentum, there is something we need to talk about.

Argentum: What is it, Sonic? :>

Sonic: I noticed that anytime anyone posts anything hopeful, you chime in with how hopeless things are currently.

Argentum: That's because no hope is better than false hope.

Sonic: That's not true. You can't survive long without hope.

Argentum: I did!

Sonic: Argentum, it's not healthy to be hopeless for this long. It's not natural.

Argentum: Why do you not listen!?

Sonic: Argentum, we do listen! But we know being hopeless is not going to get us anywhere good in the future!

Argentum: It kept me safe! Why can't you be safe too?
~~~~~~

Sonic: Argentum, having this much hopelessness is unhealthy.

Then Al got the smart idea to look up what hopelessness is a symptom of. They begin reading the article, their hazel eyes darting across the screen since they are a quick reader. Their heart sank as they read that hopelessness is a symptom of bipolar disorder or depression. Their shoulders hunched in sadness. They knew that their online niece might actually be undiagnosed bipolar disorder on top of autism.

Al thought back to their college days and realized that the hopelessness they felt when they were first suspended indefinitely was so crushing that they wound up in a psych ward. They sigh, tugging their short hair. They knew exactly what Argentum was talking about and knew from experience that hopelessness usually ends in a hospital visit… best case scenario. Their lip quivered as they type a response to Argentum, “Eevee Argentum, you’re not going to like hearing me say this, but you really need to go see a doctor. I know you’re a kid but the first new doctor you get, you tell them about your hopeless isms. Because what you’re displaying is a little unhealthy. Please… seek help about the isms.”

After they hit send, they closed their laptop and started silently crying. Then they hugged Mx. Murphy tight and sobbed into the Siamese cat’s fur. “ *Pom! You’re messing up my fur!* ” Mx. Murphy complained. Then they wriggled loose and sauntered off... probably to have a conversation with Barnaby.

Chapter 9: Things To Note

Hello, random human reading this.

Murphy here. My human has not been doing great lately due to being stalked and harassed by parasocial fans of Vivziepop. There seems to be a lot of confusion about the characters. I cannot believe I need to say this explicitly but all of the characters here are fictional. If they share a name with a real life entity, it is entirely a coincidence. If it wasn't then Violet Gryph0n in this story would not be an ex Marine. This is, again, a work of fiction. The humans featured in this story are fictional characters.

If you think you were a character in this work of fiction, that is a you problem. The reason why is because this is a work of fiction and not to be taken seriously. I get the whole "fiction affects reality" thing but this is taking it too far to the point where my human is having a full blown anxiety attack alongside suicidal ideation.

My human and I are both passionate about writing and this is a murder mystery fanfiction loosely inspired by the Mrs. Murphy books and Billie Bust Up.

To those people who have been harassing my human by claiming they are stalking you: leave them alone. They have been leaving you alone for months and stating their thoughts because nothing about the Black Gryph0n shit makes any sense and the testimony has serious holes (if you are going by testimony alone, it has to be airtight). If this harassment continues, my human will have to make a response document. Beckett from Cope and Seethe has told you ON LIVESTREAM to leave each other alone. My human has left you alone. So why can't you be bothered to leave them alone? They had to delete their old Tumblr account and make a new one because of you. They have stated numerous times that they do not want you reaching out in any way, shape or form. They blocked you everywhere and yet you still continue to bully them to the point where they have contemplated suicide. Fuck off.

Let me tell you the reason why my human is supporting Black Gryph0n: they are pissed off because the alleged victim has used a friend of theirs and that friend has gotten seriously hurt... numerous people who they care about have gotten badly hurt. That, and the 300 page document about Black Gryph0n is poorly researched and clearly biased (also full of Fandont's viewpoints and rhetoric, therefore making it unreliable since they clearly helped make the document. Fandont's fingerprints is all over it in terms of online footprint and in the document itself). I read that document alongside my human and we both call bullshit). Plus, they did their own research and found Black Gryph0n innocent but really autistic. If you're the kind of person who says "I'm glad they got hurt" then not only are you the asshole, but it also shows that you are parasocial, vindictive and probably harassed people, which is punishable in a court of law. Now, in case it didn't get to your thick skull yet, LEAVE MY HUMAN THE FUCK ALONE. I genuinely do not give a fuck about who is right or wrong. I don't even give a fuck who did what. What I give a fuck about is the fact that my human has asked multiple people if they can "join Barnaby's party" as a means to end the pain YOU are inflicting on them. Which is gross negligence and can be seen as attempted second degree

murder in a court of law. Do not push your luck. No evidence? Not my human's problem. Suck it up.

Now I'm going to continue to write this fanfiction since it is the first book in the Mx. Murphy series.

Cat Bastard OUT. Not another goddamn peep.

Chapter 10: Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The days were now starting to get colder. The leaves were turning brilliant shades of orange, crimson, and brown. The weather starts getting colder, and the moon looks orange. On this fateful night, Al was outside trying to get their woodstove humming, unaware that a black owl was watching in the distance. After a few tries, they managed to get a roaring fire going in their woodstove.

Billie was with them too, carrying loads of firewood. "Why are we doing this again? Can't we steal-"

"No! Besides, using your arms instead of your magic muscles builds actual muscles," Al replied firmly as they hopped down from their area, arms full of firewood. As they fill the bulkhead, they are unaware of the fact that Barnaby was about to do something completely out of left field. They were about to head up through the bulkhead-

THUMP.

Al paused and gazed down at their feet. At their feet was a deceased donkey. Then they made the mistake of gazing up… at two large, glowing orange eyes filled with a devilish mirth. They watched as an orange tongue flop to the side and there was a terse silence between the owl and the gender fluid human.

Al finally broke the silence. "ARE WE DEADASS RIGHT NOW!?"

Barnaby replied angrily, bristling his black feathers and making himself look massive on purpose, "You said you needed help and that I should haul ass over here!"

That was when Al facepalmed. *Of course I forgot that Barnaby is autistic. He would take it literally...* They mused. Then Barnaby spread his wings. Al felt the telltale signs of Barnaby bending reality to his whim. The air hummed and the ground vibrated as if something was drilling into it with a jackhammer. In an instant, the bulkhead was packed full of firewood.

Then Barnaby grinned viciously. "Little one, we have a party to go to tonight!" He hooted insanely as his talons darted forward and grabbed Al firmly by the waist. Billie yelped as Barnaby spread his night colored wings and began flapping, talking a mile a minute about their party and how fun it would be since it was a harvest party.

Al was trying to gather details as he started flying across town. Even though they have a very uneasy friendship, Al cannot help but admire the view of their hometown as Barnaby started flying through the evening sky. Then they gasp at the sight of Barnaby's garden.

There were all sorts of fruits and vegetables, from large pumpkins to pomegranates. Al knew better than to eat anything at Barnaby Manor: they knew from watching an enemy of theirs

eat a pomegranate and end up stuck for eternity. So Al treats Barnaby Manor's sprawling garden as Hades' garden: they may look but refuse to eat anything. There was music and Barnaboos everywhere. They knew that Barnaby keeps his manor running smoothly by planting fruits of all sorts and selling them. They have seen the basement: bustling with exotic fruits from all over the world. The lanterns glowed deep orange because Barnaby stated it was the traditional way.

As they land, Al got a much better look at Barnaby. He looked unnaturally healthy. His glow was a vibrant violet, his feathers gleamed like obsidian, and he looked like he has been working out… which nearly caused Al to giggle. His muscles rippled underneath his black feathers, and Al blinks.

Then they decide to really throw Barnaby off. They got a little bit too close, their hazel eyes meeting his orange eyes. There was a dangerous pause as they gaze into his eyes-

"Papa?" They inquired teasingly, using their "meowing" voice.

There was a pause in the festivities around the harvest… until Barnaby cracks up.

"OH-HOO-HOO-HOO-HOO! You're the silliest mortal on this side of the afterlife!" He exclaimed, fluffing his feathers. His waistcoat fits him well as he tore open a pomegranate and offered them one. They hesitate as the red seeds tempt them… then they took a handful and faked eating them, making sure to slip the seeds into the sleeves of their hoodie.

"Thanks." They mumbled politely as they finished up, unaware that a fat figure was glaring at them in the distance.

~~~~~~`

Meanwhile, Katie Bloom and Ashleigh Ketchum was busy polishing their game to make it look amazing. It was when they got a Discord call from Barnaby was when they paused. They answered, hesitant at the thought of Ashleigh Ketchum's creation.

"Helloooooo! I got the little angry fan of mine with me! I cannot trust them alone, my dears! They seem to be wandering where they shouldn't!"

"Ooooooooooooookay…?" Katie sounded unsure.

"Also, every body found had a death that connected them to Violet Gryph0n."

"How?"

"They all hated him. I fear that if the little gender fluid Sonic fan gets too close, they might be next! Hoo hoo! I can't let the little one skip his token fee, after all! Getting murdered by someone else would be stiffing me! And each member of your little hate mob's deaths were all tied to how they behaved in life!"

After Barnaby hung up the call, both the devs gawk at each other. They now realized that all of the dead bodies that were popping up in Rose City were all connected to the hate mob that
~~~~~~

had harassed every Billie Bust Up fan into hiding.

~~~~~~

At home, the two cats were talking about how strange Barnaby acted. Especially with carrying off Pom with no warning or anything of the sort. "*Can you believe he just dropped a dead donkey at Pom's feet?"* Mx. Murphy asked, cleaning their Siamese colored coat with their rough tongue.

"Yes, but cannot believe he would take Pom with witnesses." Rusty replied, licking a paw daintily. They decided to sneak out and find their precious Pom, pushing a basement window open and sneaking towards Barnaby Manor together.

~~~~~~

At Barnaby Manor, it was great fun and food all around. As Barnaby made his usual rounds as the party host, he doesn't notice that Al got extra filthy from helping with the harvest. Then he stopped and spotted a familiar figure.

"Ah, Violet Gryph0n! So wonderful of you to arrive!" Barnaby gushed as he led the asexual musician and his wife Shyla inside the walls. There were fairy lights hanging in the trees and there was a large blood moon in the sky. The manor was more than eerie as Barnaby started braiding back Shyla's hair. "You can't let your hair get filthy, Mrs. Gryph0n!" Barnaby scolded playfully before turning around towards Al.

Then he paused as Al glanced at him with a cocky grin. He stretched his neck over to the little gender fluid card against humanity and gazed at them. They got dirt on their nose, grape juice on their fingers, and their hair was spiky. There was silence until Barnaby pulled Al to the side and started preening their hair, scolding them. "Silly silly Sonic! That's what you are!" Barnaby scolded playfully as he finished getting grape juice out of their hair. "Grape juice is not hair gel! Are you trying to look like a hedgehog?"

Al giggled while he was fussing over them. Then they gaze up at him as Violet Gryph0n began singing their first hit, "Insane." Then they check their phone and see a photo of Violet Gryph0n transiting the sun. Al poked Barnaby hard with a finger and showed them the photo with a beam.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I struggled with this chapter... so we decided on a party based around the harvest for hahas. -Murphy

Thanks for reading my cat's fanfiction. -Sonicphobia.
PS: If you think about making fun of my cat's work on a stream, you're not going to like

what happens next.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!